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various episodes described. Of this section the greater part is devoted to an account of the events surrounding the battle or massacre of Sand creek and to a vigorous defense of the action of Colonel Chivington and the Third Colorado cavalry. In the final chapter are reminiscences of the Indian troubles of the year 1868 in the district about Colorado City.

Concerning few events in the history of Colorado is there as much dispute as there is over the so-called massacre of the Cheyenne and other Indians at Sand creek in November, 1864. It was and is maintained that the attack was unjustifiable and that the conduct of the Third Colorado was barbarous. In rebuttal Mr. Howbert, a member of the regiment, presents in a very clear-cut fashion the case of the Colorado pioneer. He justifies the attack on the score of the previous Indian troubles and the necessity of punishing the Indians to insure the future safety of the settlers. He denies, seemingly with justice, that the Indians were under the protection of Fort Lyon. In answer to the stories of revolting brutality he relates his experiences during the battle, in the course of which he did not witness any such acts, though he saw "a number of dead Indians whose scalps had been taken, and among them a few squaws." One of his statements is emphatic (p. 111): "I never saw any one deliberately shoot at a squaw, nor do I believe that any children were intentionally killed." The evidence of so competent an eyewitness, even though it is presented fifty years after the event, can hardly be neglected in the history of the frontier strife with the Indians. The real difficulty lies in the reader's desire entirely to exculpate the settlers at once after reading such a convincing narrative.

JAMES F. WILLARD

*Letters of a woman homesteader.* By Elinore Pruitt Stewart. (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1914. 282 p. \$1.25)

The title of this interesting little volume gives the reader only a slight suggestion of its real character. It is true that the book is a series of letters written by a young woman who, tired of the struggle to make a living for herself and child in Denver, has taken up a claim in southwestern Wyoming in the hope of bettering her condition. But if one expects to find only the prosaic chronicle of the everyday life of a homesteader he will be pleasantly surprised for the author has the happy faculty of arraying even the most commonplace events in clothing which makes them extremely attractive. Her breezy descriptions are sure to arouse interest, and a genuine love of nature has given her the power to appreciate and portray the majesty of the mountains, the wonders of the sunrise and sunset, and the cool silence of the great pine forests in a way which will appeal to all who love the out-of-doors.

The whimsical humor with which she describes her neighbors and acquaintances is refreshing and at the same time shows the writer's sympathetic appreciation of the frontier people and frontier conditions. The reader cannot fail to get acquainted with "gude mon" Stewart, Gavotte, and the efficient Mrs. O'Shaughnessy; to have a kindly feeling for lonely Zebbie Parker and little Cora Belle; and to enjoy a laugh at the eccentric Aggie McEttrick whose Scotch instinct for getting the worth of her money compels her to miss a midnight train rather than give up her room at the hotel when she has paid for a whole night's lodgings; and at the cow-puncher who instructs his companion as to the most expeditious way to bring his love affair to a happy conclusion.

The hard life of the frontier home is mentioned but not emphasized. Here and there are suggestions of sad and troubled days but since it is the evident intention of the "homesteader" to enjoy life, they are few. "When you think of me," she writes, "you must think of me as one who is truly happy. It is true, I want a great many things I haven't got, but I don't want them enough to be discontented and not enjoy the blessings that are mine. I have my home among the blue mountains, my healthy, well-formed children, my clean, honest husband, . . . I have loads and loads of flowers which I tend myself. . . I have the best, kindest neighbors. . . Do you wonder I am so happy?"

What with chickens, cows and children, housework, gardenwork, and farmwork one wonders how the time was found to write letters so decidedly worth while. There is not a dull page in the whole book.

WILLIAM V. POOLEY

*Diary of Nelson Kingsley, a California argonaut of 1849.* Edited by Frederick J. Teggart, associate professor of Pacific coast history, University of California; curator of the Academy of Pacific Coast History. [Publications of the Academy of Pacific Coast History, vol. 3, no. 3.] (Berkeley: University of California, 1914. 413 p. \$1.00)

This is the bare text of the journal of a gold-seeker who left New Haven in the bark *Anna-Reynolds* on March 12, 1849, and arrived in San Francisco bay on November 22, 1849, after a tedious voyage around the Horn. The author was an associate of the California and New Haven Joint Stock company, and gives in his record a picture of the bickerings and failures common to that type of organization. In August, 1850, when the company was eighteen months old, he was of the opinion "that we could not raise money enough to take ourselves all home." He remained in California until March, 1851, when he sailed for the states. Here the journal ends. There are abundant details of prices and conditions in the Sacramento valley, as daily records of gold output after the company